

THE REGISTER



DECEMBER 1910

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ISSUED MONTHLY

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BOBBING

THE hoot-owl ceased its melancholy call, trimmed its soft, cinereous plumage, and with rapid, noiseless flight sought its retreat in the hollow trunk of a red-oak; the rain-crow began its melancholy croak, as it flew to the river for its morning bath; the eastern sky grew bright and crimson. I sat up in my blanket, and gazed for a moment, to enjoy the glorious awakening of day, and the beautiful scene before me. There at my feet were myriad clusters of wild snap-dragons with their blossoms of

hyacinth blue, and May-apples with their snowy blossoms, sharing equally in glory with the patches of paw-paw bushes, laden with young and tender fruit.

In another second I was on my way to the river, and after a hasty duck, returned to the tent and woke my two companions. The elder of the two was a tall, thin lad, whose broad, deep forehead was capped by straight black hair. His eyebrows were thick, and did their best to hide a pair of sparkling black eyes. His nose was thin and pointed, and his lips

delicately covered his pearl-white teeth. In the school catalogue his name was set down as Paul Augustus Fitzmaurice, Jr., but it was surely a mistake, as everybody knew his name was simply "Hans."

The other was a short, powerful lad, whose head set well down on his broad shoulders. His tawny hair was usually held in check by a small skull cap which he wore jauntily perched on the crown of his head. His eyes continually looked about as if in search of mischief. His cheeks were pale, with a slight flush of color in the centre. His nose was of normal size, and his chin was square. We called him "Brass," because a punch from his left hand meant sleep for an hour, and a blow from his right, a week's absence from school. Here, again, some stupid schoolmaster had labelled him in the catalogue as Herbert Francis Tompkins. What do schoolmasters know of boys' names, anyway?

By gently throwing a glass of water on their feet, I brought them from the land of the dead, into the sad reality that it was their duty to assist at cooking the breakfast. Cooking was a job heartily detested by each one of us, and as each one positively refused to cook any one meal alone, we decided the best way would be to have all three help to prepare each meal.

After breakfast had been cleared away, and the camp picked up, we took a basket of fishing tackle, and a pair of paddles, and started for the river. On arriving at the cove where we kept our canoe, we deposited the tackle in the canoe, and cut three blocks of poplar from a near-by grove. In a few minutes we were afloat on the broad current of the Pintakosset River, a river noted for its facilities for the lazy method of fishing called "bobbing."—But where have we heard that only lazy men fish?—While Brass and I paddled, Hans attached a line to each of the blocks of poplar, and when he had three lines prepared in this way,

and baited, we ceased paddling, and he cast the blocks overboard, lines and all.

Now, when the fish bite the hook, the wood bobs up and down; hence the name "bobbing." For a few minutes the three floats gently floated down stream; then suddenly Hans shouted, "There goes one under!" Immediately we started in pursuit. Brass and I paddling. When we arrived at the point where the bob was last seen, we rested our paddles and waited for the float to reappear.

"To the left," shouted Hans.

"Slowly, slowly," he whispered, "only a few feet more. Don't hit the float with your paddle, Brass,—that's right, now—confound it, he's gone!"

As a rule the captive fish drifts with the current, but this particular fish departed from all known rules and customs: —in the current and out of it—to the right and to the left—up and down the river—it appeared where we least expected it, yet never in the same place twice and never in any one place long enough to be lifted into the canoe.

After paddling for thirty minutes at top speed, we were forced to rest, and let the fish exhaust itself. While we were contentedly lying back, one of the other floats appeared close at hand, and all of us reached for it, and as a result we were thrown into the river. Swiftly righting the canoe, we pursued the second float, and at length succeeded in drawing it into the canoe. But when Hans attempted to lift the fish from the water, it gave one jerk, snapped the line, and was gone.

"Thudering guns," exclaimed he, "what a blockhead I was to attempt to land a thirty-pound catfish on this thin line."

So busy had we been, that we did not notice the black clouds creeping from the east, but at the first few drops of rain, we put all our strength in the paddles, and before the fury of the storm broke were safe in our tent.

F. J. G., '12.

OUSTING THE RAVEN

THE old Sanctum clock was, so to speak, ticking away to beat time. But who cared? Not the yawning E.'s., surely. They are prodigals when it comes to spending time, and can dispose of sixty seconds in one minute, without winking an eye. Nor the busy B. M. and the A. B. M., either. To them time is money; and being thrifty souls, they take all they can get. Nor even the E. I. C. For he, having borrowed a nap from drowsy old Morpheus, was dozing loudly, to the huge discomfort of everybody else. His ponderous cobs (cobs? What corns grow on!) were sprawled over all his desk, whilst snores sonorous resounded through the room like whole stanzas of blank verse—tremendously blank! To all appearances, he was likely to stick to this pleasant occupation, too, for no little time, for one elbow had got itself into a large pot of printers' paste. So the cloek beat time, the E.'s. spent it, the B. M. and the A. B. M. saved it, and the E. I. C. used it. In the meanwhile, the meeting progressed splendidly.

"He slumbers!" said an A. E. to the other, at length, between two snores of the E. I. C.

"He does!" agreed the other A. E., between two more. "And it's a marvel to me that he *can* slumber in such a noise as he's making. I can't; I've been trying for hours.—But hush! Don't wake him, for, if he wakes, he'll sing. Better let him sleep."

"That's so! You're right; but by Zeus, I do iteh for vengeance."

"Vengeance! What has he ever done to you?"

"Nothing yet; but he might."

"So he might! We ought to get the start of him. I say, let's spot ink on the soles of his boots."

"Fine, fine! He'll never guess it.—By jam, but that's some slumber!"

The B. M., who had, in the meanwhile, been consulting "The Hub Coin Book" for the approximate difference between a nickel and a luneh-room plate of beans, now raised his eyes and caught sight of the two mischievous A. E.'s. at their villainous work. "Well!" he ejaculated curiously, "for the love of a pipe!"

"We stoop to conquer!" answered one of the A. E.'s.

"And begin at the foot!" added the other.

Since, however, the B. M.'s. face still stood wide open with astonishment, both A. E.'s. "got together" and, with a single grin that reached from the left ear of the one to the right ear of the other, said, "Just daubing his sole for him!"

"With ink?" gasped the B. M. in alarm.

"With ink!"

"Ink, did you say ink? With INK?—Ye gods, and the love of a pipe! This is the leak in the financial tin-pot; the outlet for "The Register's" income. This is economy, the mustard of life; thrift, the Billiken of gain; lucre, the—er"—(here the B. M. gave up his search for a pocket dictionary in despair—"Fellows," he then cried, "for the love of an old dudeen, cut it ! ! !"

The last few words, being shouted in a very powerful key, awoke the E. I. C. from his weighty slumbers. He stirred, opened his eyes slowly, and asked, "Did I dream?" Then, pulling himself together from where he had been scattered, far and near on his desk and elsewhere, he addressed each E. in turn, asking again, "Did I dream?"

And in turn each E. replied, "Dunno!"

E. Number One, however, who prides himself on all matters pertaining to the

head (having never in his life been seen with a miscombed hair), gave the question several moments of deep thought, and, carefully weighing his answer (by taking his head in his hands before speaking), he said, slowly and distinctly, "I dunno!"

However, the E. I. C. was not startled by this confession. He was not even surprised. "Grumph!" he said, as he struggled to get his elbow out of the paste-pot, "grumph! It's not that it makes a differ bitterance, but I should think that fellows in your position would cut out slang! Grumph!"

"Why don't you speak for yourself?" suggested the B. M., with a titter, as he tried to mop his face with the E. I. C.'s blotter.

The other E.'s., however, thinking it safest to become aware of the fact (wonderful to relate) that the clock was tick-ing, turned their eyes upon its chubby face and,—even though the modest old timer held both his hands before it,—ogled it till the E. I. C. had grown calm again. Then they quickly changed the subject.

"I wonder," said E. Number One, "I wonder what became of the mascot of last year's 'Register' staff? Did it be-come a shade, at the end of the year? It is not so recorded; but surely it is the rule that all 'Register' mascots must be-come shades when their time expires, and must pass into the land of shadows. Did not the 'horse,' the 'puerp,' the 'cat,' all the mascots of former staffs become shad-ows?"

"Yes," said the E. I. C., "and the Ra-v'en, too, became a shadow, feathers and all. He's gone to join the rest."

Scarcely had the E. I. C. spoken, when, like the ghost of Banquo, at the mention of his name by Macbeth, or like the devil in the proverb, in glided the shade of the Raven. Where but a moment before nothing but a daub of black ink had graced the bareness of the floor, the Ra-v'en now sat, preening his feathers. The

E. I. C.'s. blood ran cold. His hand be-came unsteady, despite the stick-fast ten-dency of his elbow; and the legs of his trousers began to shiver like the timbers of a jolly Jack-tar.

"The shade of last year's mascot! And I thought they never came back!" cried he, hoarsely,—almost boyishly, in fact, (for the sight had nearly unmanned him).

"Ah-ha! True too, too true!" exclaimed E. Number Three, melodramatically, as he placed a square of glass on the floor for a foot-light. "The ungainly shadow of an ominous fowl!"

"I wonder will he be gone?" said the E. I. C.

And immediately, as if in answer, the Raven quoth, with the very shadow of a quoth, "Never more!"

"What! He won't quit us?" asked the B. M., thinking of the expense the keep-ing of a msacot would entail. "Perhaps he understands only wop lingo!—Skidoo!"

But the Raven still kept sitting un-moved, unruffled, as cool as a cucumber with feathers on it. This angered the B. M. He grew red in the face and short of breath. Then, catching up a chair, he advanced with it as a shield. "Come, now!" he cried; "aroint thee, beastly bird, and quickly!"

Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

"Then," said the B. M., heaving back his torpedo-shaped boot, "bite the dust!" Whereupon the B. M. gave a tremendous kick.

As you may readily imagine, the B. M.'s. foot passed clean through the body of the Raven,—for, since the Raven was but a shade, it was, of course, wholly im-mortal,—and struck the jamb of the Sanctum door with such a resounding whack that, mother preserve us, it jarred the jam(b)!

Was the B. M. mad? No; he was angry, hopping angry,—all of that. "Blank!" he ejaculated in Greek, so that none might understand him, "Blank, blank!" And if it has never been your lot

to hear that expressive word ejaculated by a fellow who is hopping angry on one leg, don't imagine that you have discovered the true beauty of the Greek tongue.

"Blank again!" cried he, nursing his wounded foot. "But where—what does the bird look like? Is anything left of it?"

Poor deluded B. M.! When he beheld the grim shade of the bird still sitting unmoved and unruffled, he was nearly overcome—by the pain of his toe. And little is that to be wondered at, for had it been the shade of some other mascot of a past staff, had it, for instance, been the "cat," instead of the Raven, it would surely have lost seven of its nine shadowy lives by that kick of the B. M.'s. But the Raven,—"Never more!"

A means of ridding the Sanctum of its unwelcome guest was now the sole desire of the staff. Heads were scratched, noses thoughtfully pulled, finger-nails chewed, and thumbs twiddled,—all to no purpose. Some tried to coax the bird, and called it "pretty Raven"; others tried to hoax it, and called it "beastly craven,"—all in vain. The Raven croaked a doleful "Never more," nothing more.

At length, however, the A. B. M., hitting upon a happy idea, scized a coverless physics book,—whose covers, presumably,

had been removed by some energetic student who wished to look into the subject,—and began to turn the pages with such rapidity as to prove beyond all question that he had read some of the English books prescribed for study.

"I've got it!" he kept crying in the meanwhile, "I've got it!"

"Right, he has!" said E. Number Five, significantly.

"But perhaps he needs a little light on the subject," suggested the B. M., pointing to the book, with a snicker.

"Ah, yes!" cried the A. B. M. "That's just what I want. I was trying to think of it. Got a match?"

"Nope!" said the B. M.

"Anybody got a match?"

"Nope!" said everybody.

"That's tough!" Then I guess I'll have to use one of my own!" said the A. B. M., ruefully. Whereupon he drew a match from his vest pocket, and scratched it withal upon the chin of E. Numbr Four, for want of a pieec of sand-paper. The match, shielded by the hands of the A. B. M., flared up a moment, threw a flicker on the floor, dispersed the shade,—and so the Raven was gone. This proves beyond all question that there's nothing like a little light on a shadowy subject.

"PIP."

ALUMNI NOTES

We note that the private secretary of Governor-elect Foss is an old Latin School boy—Dudley M. Holman, '76, editor of the Taunton News. After leaving this school, he entered Colby College, from which he entered the newspaper business.



Joseph L. Merrill, B. L. S., '06, has entered the employ of the W. H. McElwain Co., shoe manufacturers of Boston.

Harrison W. Smith, B. L. S., ex-'89, is Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering in the University Extension courses at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



Robert M. Green, B. L. S., '98, has become Director of the Harvard Summer School of Medicine.

H. A. Bedloe, B. L. S., '02, is an assistant professor of English Composition at the University of Minnesota.



Harold C. DeLong, B. L. S., '99, is in the employ of the Boston Transit Commission.



Dr. Carl S. Oakman, B. L. S., '96, is Secretary of the Michigan Harvard Club.



Edward V. Hickey, B. L. S., '06, and Joseph J. Mahoney, B. L. S., '06, are both in the statistical department of the Henry Siegel Co. of Boston.



Reverend Alfred D. K. Shurtleff, B. L. S., ex-'91, was married recently at Providence, R. I.



Arthur W. Weysse, a graduate of this school, is Professor of Biology in the Ex-

tension courses at the Boston University.



Eleock, B. L. S., '08, Captain of the Latin School footfall team, 1907, has been playing on the Dartmouth line this fall.



Allison, B. L. S., '09, has been playing at centre on the Wesleyan University football team.



D. C. Parmenter and R. S. Jowett, B. L. S., '07, have been playing on the Harvard football team this year.



H. H. Crane, President of his Class, B. L. S., '09, is at the Wesleyan University.

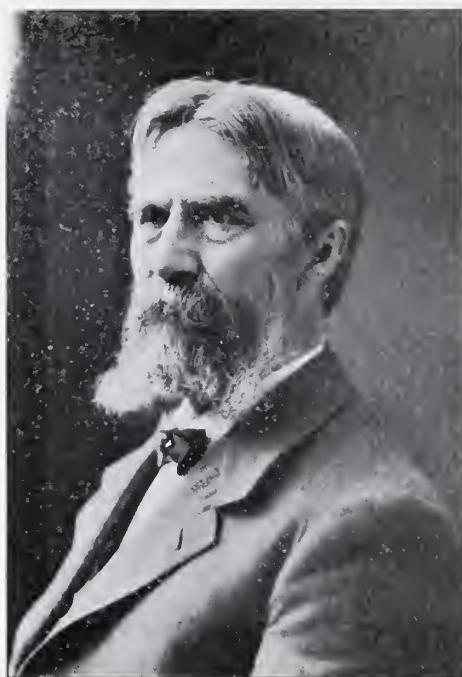


F. P. Madden, B. L. S., Captain of last year's football team, spoke a few words at the mass meeting in the Hall, November 23rd. This year he is in the Lowell Textile School.

A PRAYER

As the rising light of coming day
Breaks the shadows, and with rosy ray
Brightens all the arch of limpid air,
With a fervent heart I send a prayer.
Praising Thee, O Lord, and thanking Thee
That, though frail is our humanity.
Thou art so benign, us to forgive,
And let us in Thy light and blessing live.
Courage give us, Lord, in every strife
And keep us brave in spirit through this life.

A. Liberti, '12



SELAH HOWELL

SELAH HOWELL

SE LA H Howell, for eighteen years a teacher in this school, was born in Blooming Grove, N. Y., May 24, 1840. In 1869 he was at Antioch College in Southern Ohio, a region at that time full of Southern sympathizers. He served during the Civil War in the Commissary Department of the Army of the Potomac. After the war, graduating from Union College, he taught in the scientific departments of various schools. Later he married Miss Mamie Applegate of Yellow Springs, Ohio. In 1870 he went abroad with the purpose of studying history at Heidelberg and Berlin, leaving his wife and children in America. He was bitterly homesick, and so straitened for money that he was soon forced to give up his studies. On his return he taught at Staffordville, New Rochelle, and from 1878 to 1882 was principal of the Watertown, Mass., High School, succeeding Dr. Groce there on his coming to the Latin School. He was then for several years at the head of an academy in Harvard, Mass., and then a travelling agent for a firm of school-book publishers. It was in 1892 that he came to the Latin School, teaching various subjects for several years, and then taking up History on the retirement of Dr. Groce, who was thereafter to give himself wholly to English. Mr. Howell continued to teach Ancient History only until a few years before his retirement from the school. A prolonged and painful illness gave him leave of absence for a year, and he was retired on September 1, 1910, by the law of age limit. He died November 7, 1910, at his home in West Roxbury,

Mass.

Many a boy has been inspired with a love of History by his enkindling spirit. Patient and kind to a fault, he never despaired of the most stupid or the most wayward boy. He tried to teach the history of a nation as a whole, and there was always an apt illustration or helpful anecdote at hand. He never made much of daily marks in his classes. Boys were accurately graded from memory. Many who had the blessing of his instruction feel that History is a vital, gripping subject.

Besides his scholarly attainments, there was a simplicity, a dignity, a benignity about Mr. Howell that attracted all. There was a remarkable harmony and finish to his life. Although an indefatigable and omnivorous reader, he was not a disagreeably bookish man. He loved nature. He appreciated, in its fullest sense, music and the fine arts. His services as director of our School Glee Club were admirable. But, as we have heard him say so often, the most beautiful of all sights to him was a roomful of pretty boys; and next, a roomful of pretty girls, for he loved young people.

Mr. Howell won many friends, and he gave abundance of his time and ability, whenever it was sought, in behalf of good things.

Courtesy, kindness, scorn of mercenary motives, untainted honor, these things distinguished him. In spite of his suffering he was cheerful, devoid of the fear of death, reconciled to his lot. To the last his unselfish love shone out and blessed all around him. *Requiescat in pace!*

J. H. W., '11.

SCHOOL NOTES

Let the Christmas holidays come,—we're ready for them!



The vital question of the First Class the past few weeks seems to have been, "Have you signed the papers?" Divers suspicious groups assembling in dark nooks and recesses of the upper corridors to harangue and gesticulate wildly, when most peaceable—or at least sensible—fellows have been breaking bread, and, perhaps, dishes, in the lunch-room,—numerous mysterious individuals, with much ominous winking and nodding and beckoning, by buttonholing the big, and collaring the little, unsuspecting innocents of Rooms 16, 17, and 18, have, at length, with much flourishing of scrolls, breaking of pen-points, and spilling of ink, succeeded in filling a petition, presenting it to the Headmaster, and coming to an agreement apparently satisfactory to all parties concerned. As a result, the graduating class will have a class pin. It has been both unanimously and loudly decided; but still there hangs the very shadow of a doubt upon the tail-end of the question, "Is it a wise proceeding?"

There is at present a Latin School pin, pretty and fitting of design, which is worthy of being worn with pride, and which should be owned by every fellow of the school who can possibly afford to buy it; for not only does it designate the wearer as a Latin School boy, wherever he may go, but also it is an emblem truly suggestive of the owner's loyalty to his school. It should, indeed, be purchased by the student upon entering the school, and should be worn by him while he is a student in the school; but whether it has any special significance for those who have ceased to be students here, that is the

question. Without considering the pin with regard to its value as an ornament, a consideration which, we think, seldom enters the mind of its owner, but regarding its symbolical significance alone, we must beg to differ, with those who think that the Latin School pin is, or ever can be, a true equivalent for the class pin of a graduating class.

To wear our class pin is, unquestionably, an honor of which one may be justly proud; but it is little more than an honor, which may be attained with little effort by almost any boy. To wear a class pin, however, is a distinction. Besides representing four or more years of hard work, successfully done, it is the only visible bond binding together those fellows who, for four or more years, have worked side by side as classmates—companions and friends. When the *Alumni* meet, they do not meet as a school, but in classes: their interest in their Alma Mater is naturally centered in their own class; and whatever may be their memories of the school of their youth, those memories can never be wholly separated from their class and from their classmates. For these reasons it is our opinion that our school pin can not fittingly take the place of a class pin; although we cannot but appreciate, at the same time, its worth as a school pin.



The management of the Castle Square Theatre, in conjunction with the Twentieth Century Club, is presenting at reduced rates on Monday afternoons five plays, of which three are to be Shakesperian plays, and one is Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." This offers a good opportunity for those of us who like Shakespeare, or who wish to like him.

Many of those who have been to see the performances of Sothern and Marlowe, recently given in Boston, have at length arrived at the conclusion that Shakespeare was not such a bad dramatist after all. No doubt they are right. A better knowledge of his plays naturally tends to give them a better opinion of the author. But even the most imaginative boys seldom take the trouble while reading to picture the scenes clearly in their minds. Accustomed, somehow, from habitual boyish aversion to all things useful and beneficial, perhaps, most young fellows entertain a peculiar antipathy against all English text-books; and, in such a state of mind, the reading of Shakespeare can do them little good and give them little pleasure. However, the next best thing to imagining the scenes, the characters, and the acting, is, of course, to see them as presented by our modern players. That is always both pleasing and instructive. To have a real, live Gobbo frolicking in the dazzling light of an up-to-date stage, to have a bloody King Richard, a merry Sir Toby, and a mincing, little Viola, or a jolly, fat Falstaff, or a Macbeth, haunted and terror-stricken, or the Weird Sisters Three, with their rasping, hissing songs, and their fateful cauldron,—to have such as these actually presented to our eyes is, surely, enough to make one exclaim, "Bill, Bill, that's the 'proper stuff'!"

Now that the Glee Club is hushed at the Hall exercises, the Monday-morning Walking Club will, no doubt, resume its strolling.

Again we must be reminded that the brieks in the yard are hard. Strange that no lasting impression can be made upon us!

When a fellow keeps his seat in a car while a woman must stand, he is, we should think, either tired or lazy, or else bashful. We wonder whether it is because of the last that we are sometimes taken to task?



Our school has lately been visited by many teachers of other schools. We always like to be visited,—especially when we feel pretty sure of our lessons.



A brass-buttoned representative of the Boston Elevated Railway called at the school one day recently. Gracious! We wonder what he could find so interesting here.—Later, we learned that he did not find it.—Latest, Sorry, indeed, it was here, and glad that he found it.



The Photo Committee of the graduating class is as follows: Nelson, MacLellan, Heyer, Fish, and O'Hare.



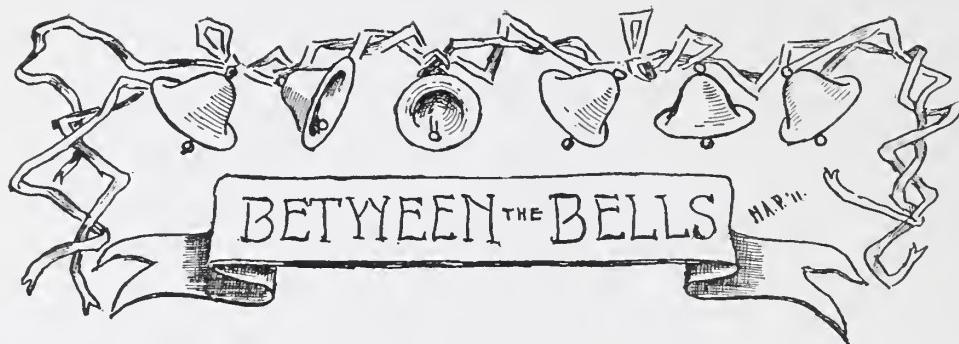
Taylor, J. Duff, Ready, Potter, and Hanlon have been chosen for the Class Danee Committee.



We notice that the new brand of chocolate which made its appearance in the lunch-room a while ago is gone. Nothing so sweet as the old sweets, eh?



Apology is due E. Baekup, whose name was omitted from the list of boys receiving honors at Harvard College last June. He took an honor in Elem. Algebra.



No; all Latin rooters are not etymologists.



Teacher:—"What are you chewing, Jones?"

Jones:—"Gum, sir."

Teacher:—"Are you aware that every time your teeth strike the gum they leave a mark?"

Jones:—"Yes, sir."

Teacher:—"How many marks have they left so far?"

Jones:—"I don't know, sir."

Teacher:—"Come in tomorrow morning and I will tell you."



Student:—"Why is the library kept closed?"

Smart Chap:—"They found scarlet fever in the dictionary."



In English:—"What is the meaning of 'The labor we delight in physics pain'? —Well?—What is it you don't understand, then?"

Student:—"Physics."

(General snickers and whispers of "blockhead"!)



O dea me—

O me, O my—!

First stude:—"I wonder why Tom calls his monthly report a program?"

Second stude:—"Oh, you see, he can always tell by looking at it how his father will act and what sort of a scene there will be when he carries it home!"



Spectator (at drill exercises):—"The companies seem to show a good deal of spice in that there squad movement."

The other fellow:—"Ah, but you should see them when they are mustered (mustard)!"



Found in the basement—a doughnut with a hole in the middle. Apply to—What! Who says this is a stale one?



At length it has been decided by the Physics class that the best example of "unstable equilibrium" is found by tipping a bell-boy.—Bravo!



In History (while notes on the next lesson are being suggested): —

"Well, boys, we now take up that part of Roman History dealing with 'The Latin Struggle'—This however, has nothing to do with your daily Latin struggle!"

Master (to student declinig *hic* in the singular) :—"When you say the genitive, don't repeat the form three times, say '*huius* throughout.'"

Student (greatly excited) :—"Hic haec, hoc; *huius*, *huius*, *hu*—no, I mean, *hu*—er—*hu*—hoorah, three out!"

Amid the laughter a voice from the back of the room calls out "Slide, Kelley, slide!" and then some one throws a "Homer."



"Who is this Angular Isosceles they are forever alluding to in Room 6?" asks a

freshman.

Young man, 'tis merely a figure of speech in plane geometry!

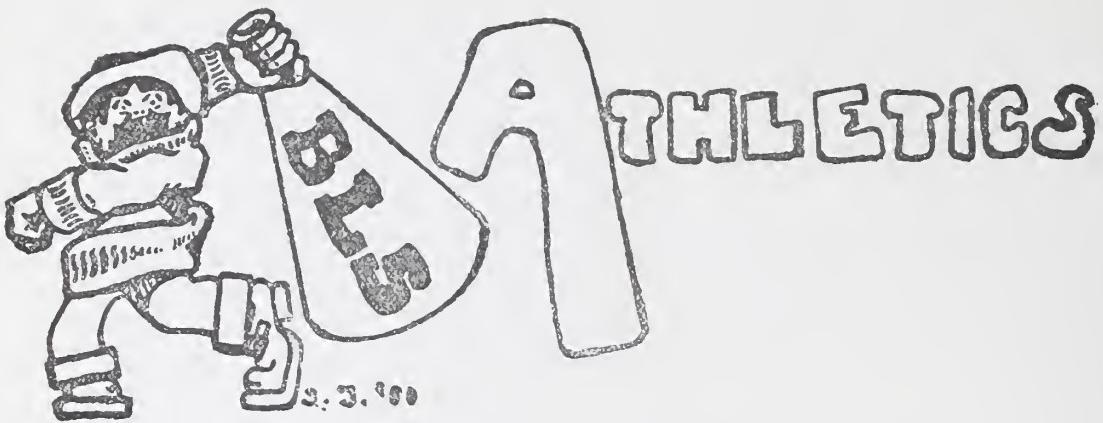


It is pleasing to note how obediently and willingly the little boys of the neighborhood comply with the Mayor's request for cleaner streets. Several times lately apple-cores, banana-peels, and such truck have thoughtfully been tossed in through the open windows of rooms where wastebaskets are provided. Funny that they never come anywhere near the baskets, though!

LUNCHING



Eat, drink, and be merry---
And tomorrow we may die!



B. L. S., 3

M. A. H. S., 0.

Our victory in the first of the so-called "big games" awarded us the title of City Champions. It is the first time in four years that we have had the honor of giving the Back Bay School a trimming, and although our team did not play up to its previous standard, the game was interesting and hard-fought throughout.

In the first two periods the ball seesawed back and forth with the results slightly in our favor. We were somewhat taken aback by the speed and the spirit displayed by the Mechanic Arts High School team, which had defeated English High on the previous Saturday. In the third period, however, our team came back with a rush, and although unable to score, had the ball continually on the opponent's territory. The score was made in the last quarter, when, after an end-around by "Pete" MacLellan, and several plays in which Murray sifted through their line for gains of ten and fifteen yards, the ball was placed on the Mechanic's ten-yard line. Through a misunderstanding the ball came back to Logan on the second down, and he showed his readiness in emergencies by drop-kicking it over the bar. The summary is as follows:

B. L. S.

MacLellan, l. e.....r. e., Rosnosky, Martin O'Hare, Barry, l. t.....r. t., Brown Pendrgast, Colby, l. g.....r. g., Gleason Murphy, c.....c., Moran Gren, r. g.....l. g., Bello Tate, r. t.....l. t., Corcoran Graham, Fish, r. e.....l. e., Ormsby Logan, q. b.....q. b., Mooney Murray, l. h. b.....r. h. b., Swanson T. Higgins, C. Higgins, King, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Barry Temple, Gersumky, f. b.....f. b., Buzzell

Goal from field—Logan. Umpire—G. A. Mack. Referee—T. H. Mahoney. Field-judge—A. Kockers. Head linesman—E. A. Tomlinson. Linesmen—R. Hanlon and Walker. Time—8, 8; 10, 10.

B. L. S., 6. CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 5.

We were afraid for a time that our hoodoo was coming back to life, when a team in no respects our equal practically held us down to a tie score. Logan kicked off to Mason of Cambridge, who was downed in his tracks on the fifteen-yard line. Two attempts to rush the ball failed, and Murphy, breaking through, blocked the Cambridge team's attempt to punt. Murphy recovered the ball, but fumbled; and John-

ny-on-the-spot Fish, getting his fins on it, scored. Temple kicked the goal. In the second quarter Logan, on a quarter-back run, crossed the Cambridge goal-line, but Referee O'Reilly declared that he had put one foot outside the field near the two-yard line. So the ball was brought back just as the time-up whistle blew. At the opening of the third period Logan kicked to Mason, who fumbled, allowing MacLellan to fall on the ball. Logan's forward-pass to Murray was intercepted, but the Cambridge team, unable to gain, was forced to kick. Murphy partially blocked the ball, so that it went nearly straight up in the air. The confusing similarity of uniforms allowed Green of Cambridge to catch the ball, and with a good head-start, he raced sixty yards for Cambridge's score. Since, however, Grant did not have the lower end of the ball touching the ground

when the ball was tried, O'Reilly declared it no goal. In the last period, which became practically a kicking game, Logan made several unsuccessful drop-kicks. The summary is as follows:

B. L. S. CAMBRIDGE LATIN.
MacLellan, l. e.....r. e., Does
O'Hare, Barry, l. t.....r. t., Adams
Pendergast, l. g.....r. g., Cowen
Murphy, c.....c., Stevens, Hannigan
Tate, r. t.....l. t., McVickar
Fish, Graham, r. e. .l. e., Green, Bradley
Logan, q. b.....q. b., Grant
Murray, l. h. b.....r. h. b., Glndon
T. Higgins, C. Higgins, r. h. b.,
.....l. h. b., Mason

Touchdowns—Fish, Green. Goal from
touchdown—Temple. Referee—O'Reilly.
Umpire—Adams. Field-judge—McDonald.
Linesmen—McLoughlin and L. Jeff.
Time—Fourteen-minute periods.

THE GAME

First of all there was a mass-meeting in the Hall, at which Mr. Pennypacker, backed by the big, purple B. L. S. banner, exhorted the fellows to conduct themselves at the game in such a way as to bring no stain upon our banner and upon our school's reputation. The meeting was attended by most of the school, and with more or less voicing of battle hymns and war cries, which must have made the very roof of "our brother" across the yard bristle with fear. "Doc" Madden, Captain of last year's team, willingly responded to the cry of "Speech, speech!" and "Mal" Logan, this year's Captain, ventured to say a few words also. In a word, before the meeting broke up, it had been pretty generally decided by the fellows that "it looked, indeed, like a big victory."

How much money was ruthlessly squandered the day before the game, in newspapers with weather forecasts for Thanksgiving, it would be useless for us to attempt to say. Many fellows, wishing to

feel certain that it would be a fine day, bet recklessly right and left, that it would be a day of storms and misery, in spite of the Weather Man's predictions to the contrary. But they lost. The day could scarcely have been better for football; and it had just enough sharpness to give one an appetite for yelling and cheering. And so, armed with boxes of cough-drops and with purple and white streamers, a goodly number of the people of Boston, among whom was Mayor Fitzgerald, an old Latin School boy, arrived at the American League grounds, Thanksgiving Day, to witness the first victory of the Boston Latin School over the English High School in five years. The manner in which our school was represented there is worthy of admiration.

Our team, determined, eager; our spectators, every ready with praise and encouragement, worked together faithfully throughout the game, in such a way that we simply could not lose.

Strong with the many victories of this year, our eleven lined up to receive the kick-off with a confidence in themselves that was not to be shaken by the attacks of their heavier opponents any more than by that great fluttering of blue-and-blue on one side of the field. When the ball was caught they rallied around the principal player, with a gratifying display of perfect team-work. Indeed, the teamwork was the most noticeable and, unquestionably, the most important feature of our side throughout the game.

At the first rush we gained our distance, and seemed to have no trouble in putting our opponent's end. We had the jump on them, and we kept it all through the game. A series of plays just outside of tackle followed, which resulted in our taking the ball into the English High's territory. We continued our steady advance towards our opposite goal-line, gaining every rush. As the shadows of the goal-posts drew near, the English High team braced itself and succeeded in holding us for the third down on their twelve-

yard line. Rather than risk a possible score, Captain Logan here displayed fine judgment when he "put the game on ice" by making his first drop-kick, which narrowly cleared the upright. Several forward-passes and the skin-tackles, which were our best ground-gaining plays, brought us near enough to the English High's goal-line in the second period to allow Logan to drop back to the thirty-yard line and, against the wind, kick a pretty goal from the field. In the intermission which followed, Mayor Fitzgerald made a short speech, after which each band strove to outdo the other with the strains of "Sweet Adeline." At the opening of the next period the English High team looked more formidable, and, indeed, soon gained a first down by rushing through the left side of our line. They were forced to punt then, however, and it was with dismay that we saw Goodman, their left-end man, fall on Mal Logan's unfortunate fumble, which gave them the ball on our seven-yard line. Here "Austy" Tate, our giant tackle, came to the res-

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ALWAYS WELCOME

cue, by grabbing the ball fumbled by Captain Pierce of the English High team, and running it back to the twenty-five-yard line. Then, by our using of a line-shift play several times and a forward-pass, it seemed as if the much-wanted touchdown was certain to come. But on the English High's four-yard line we were met by a desperate line, and, as there was only about half a minute to play, Logan again showed his good judgment in booting the ball over for the final score. Logan played the game of his life, and his record of having made three drop-kicks in one game places him among the heroes in Latin School's "hall of fame." The exponents of our "famous skin-tackle play," and our most consistent ground-gainers were Fred Murray and Tom Higgins. The whole of the line showed what it really could do, and its work merits our greatest praise. Tate and Pendergast were the bulwarks that forced the English High to punt, and who opened up in their line holes for our backs. MacLellan and Fish often tackled the runner behind his own line, and they were always fast down the field under punts. The fact that the work of no particular fellow on the line was especially noticeable is the great-

est recommendation that the team could have; for it is unison, not individuality, that wins battles. Unison won this one. The moulding and perfecting of our team was the work of Coach Fred J. O'Brien. It was in a great measure due to his constant efforts and tireless energy that the co-operation and team-work striven for was acquired. The summary is as follows:

B. L. S.	E. H. S.
MacLellan, Soucy, l. e.....	
.....r. e., W. E. Goodman, Steadfast	
O'Hare, Barry, l. t.....r. t., Higgins	
Pendergast, l. g.....r. g., Algar	
Murphy, Robinson, c.....	
.....c., Keane, Fielding, Sawyer	
Tate, r. t.....l. t., W. H. Goodman	
Green, r. g.....l. g., Brown, Phelan	
Logan, q. b.....q. b., Dolan	
Fish, Graham, r. e.....l. e., Gigosa	
Murray, l. h. b.....r. h. b., Nelson	
T. Higgins, C. Higgins, King, r. h. b....	
.....l. h. b., Meanix, Barnard	
Temple, McDonald, Craven, f. b.....	
.....f. b., Pierce	

Goals from field—Logan (3). Referee—T. Murphy. Umpire—Woodlock. Field-judge—F. Murphy. Linesmen—Madden and Wood. Time—Four twelve-minute periods.

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A BATTLE SUCCESSFUL WAS FIERCELY FOUGHT

(With apologies to our Latin master for the word-order of our title.)

On one of the several Fridays in November, we have forgotten which one, the English cohorts of Room 18 went down to ignominious defeat before the Latin battle-line of Room 17, in a gruelling contest with a football, at Franklin Field. During the terrible conflict Room 18 once came very near getting the ball within several yards of their opponent's goal. But they were badly handicapped, not only in weight, but in luck as well, and suffered severely. O'Leary breaking his neck (as he afterwards said), and receiving many infernal or some such injuries—drat these short-hand notes—besides several scalp-wounds all over his face; Taylor breaking his head, and Daniel his shoe-strings. Practically the only injury to Room 17 was that sustained by Knudson, who received a ghastly scratch the length of his nose. He will live. The ball, we understand, is still round; but we have not seen it round here.

It is the opinion of many of those who witnessed this spectacular battle, that the

flashing costumes of the enemy had much to do with Room 18's downfall. We need not try to describe the brilliant effects of their ties and socks, thank goodness! They'll speak for themselves, loudly.

Taylor, Nightingale, O'Leary, and the rest of the team played well for Room 18, while the others were conspicuous on the opposite side.

That the victory of Room 17 over Room 18 was due entirely to the brilliancy of their uniforms is proved beyond all question of doubt by the fact that on November 18 they were defeated by a score of 6-5 by the sturdy team of Room 16, who, we understand, can out-class all others when they lift up their trousers a wee bit. In a game played for the most part in total and semi-eclipses of the sun, occasioned by the great number of forward-passes, Room 16 showed wonderful efficiency in attacking and in repelling the assaults of Room 16. One excellent feature was the time-keeping, the first period ending after only about forty-five minutes of playing. We learn, however, that another game took place on the following Wednesday, which was won by Room 17 to the tune of 12-6.

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PHILIP M. HAYDEN, Secretary,

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